

EXTRA!

GANGWAY FOR PIN-UP PETE



MONTY HALL of the

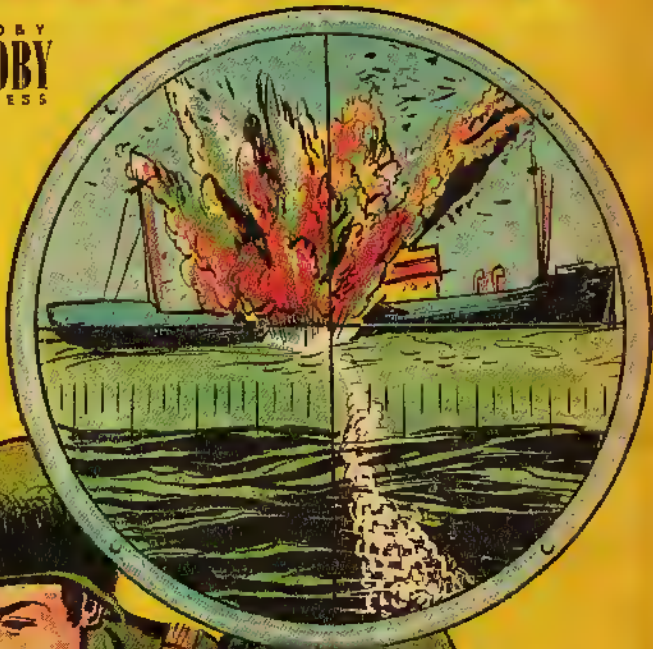
2-10-16

# U.S. MARINES

10¢  
NO. 3  
ANC

December 1951

TOBY  
PRESS



MONTY, TEX and  
CANARSIE  
face  
DANGER BELOW!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM





# Uncle Bernie's FUN SHOP

## ORDER NOW at Low-Low PRICES!

Hello!  
I'm **SANDY!**  
I drink I wet I sleep  
and you can  
WAVE MY  
HAIR!

I have  
RUBBER  
WONDERSKIN!

TERRORE  
VALUE!  
only  
**\$3.98**



complete

RUSH YOUR  
ORDER TODAY!



**SENSATIONAL DRINK  
AND WET DOLL** in wash-  
able rubber **WONDERSKIN**  
with life-like hair and real-  
istic hair-wave kit complete  
with . . . plastic curlers, . . .  
rubber waving bands, . . .  
waving and papers, plastic  
comb and . . . bottle of doll  
hair lotion, **ADORABLE  
SANDY**, 11 inches tall, has  
sparkling blue eyes that open  
and close — she drinks from  
her bottle with rubber nipple  
(included) and then wets her  
diaper. You can bathe her  
— move her cuddly arms,  
legs and head — make her  
stand, walk and sleep.

### THE ALL-AMERICAN FISHING OUTFIT!

- COMPLETE 12 PIECE FISHING KIT!
- PERFECT FOR SALT OR FRESH WATER
- NOW... A REAL FISHING KIT  
JUST LIKE DAD'S!



Here's the gift Junior's  
been waiting for! A real  
fishing outfit just like Dad's...  
What thrills and excitement when  
he casts his line and hooks a big one!  
The **ALL-AMERICAN** comes with rod &  
reel and complete equipment for fresh or  
salt-water fishing. NO extras to buy — this set  
is really complete! Watch Junior's friends envy  
him with this handy-dandy gift! **SEND NO  
MONEY**. Rush your order today. Remit later  
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**\$3.49**  
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### ACTION-PACKED BUCKING BRONCO! ACTUALLY ROCKS... BOUNCES NEIGHS!



- Stands Over 2 Feet High!
- Made of Heavyweight  
Vinylite Plastic!

Here's a riding bronco that rocks,  
bounces and neighs at the turn-  
mond of its master! Kids can ride  
this "bustin'" bronco all over the  
room in their hearty content —  
and every time they hug it its  
reins — the horns neighs excit-  
ingly! Over 25 inches high and  
22 inches long, this wonderful  
Hobby Horse is made of heavy-  
weight vinylite-plastic. Vinylite Plas-  
tic isn't a crack to clean!

ONLY  
**\$2.98**  
complete

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- 3 1/2" HIGH!
- HOLDS PENNIES, NICKELS, DIMES!
- DOUBLE LOCK AND KEY!

Each time saving bank serves  
peanuts while you save pen-  
nies, nickels, dimes! Comes  
with top hat, dashing mono-  
cle, a 1/2 pound vacuum can  
of delicious roasted peanuts,  
double lock and key. Drop in  
a coin and flip back the bar  
— out pops a generous  
amount of peanuts. Made of  
sturdy, durable plastic, **MR.  
PEANUT VENDER-BANK** is  
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coins.) Wonderful for parties,  
entertaining, family fun. Easy  
to refill.



### BE A REAL AIR CORPS PILOT! with **BIKE BOMBER!**

• Changes Bicycles into 15-seating Airplane!  
• Easy to Camp On In Handle-bar!  
• Recently Constructed for Years of Action!  
Now every child can play a real air-  
corps pilot — with the great **BIKE  
BOMBER!** There's plenty of action  
you've with this toy — it attaches a really  
and quickly onto the handlebars of any  
bicycle — and the machine gun makes  
realistic battle noises as you shoot  
down enemy planes! The propellers  
spin in the wind — just like Uncle Sam's  
great fighter aircraft! Durable! Con-  
structed for endless hours of fun! **SEND  
NO MONEY**. Remit with order, we pay  
postage. C.O.D. plus postage. **MONEY  
BACK IN 5 DAYS IF NOT COMPLETELY  
SATISFIED.**



ONLY  
**\$2.98**  
complete

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pay postage. C.O.D.  
plus postage.

**SEND  
COUPON!**

### NOVELTY MART, Dept. 196 59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Questions? Please send me the following:  
Enclosed Mail: ☐ Check or M.O. ☐ C.O.D. plus postage.

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|-------------------------------------------|---------------|----------------------------------------------|---------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Fishing Set..... | <b>\$3.49</b> | <input type="checkbox"/> Sandy .....         | <b>\$3.98</b> |
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### SEND NO MONEY

C.O.D. you pay postage. Remit  
with order we pay postage.

**NOVELTY MART, 59 East 8th Street, New York 3, N. Y.**



Here it is fellas! send for it **NOW!**

# THE GREATEST RAILROAD SHOW ON EARTH!



**Fun...Thrills...Action**  
see special coupon offer!

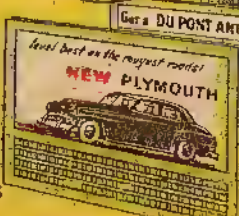
**SPECIAL COUPON OFFER**  
ALL FOR 25¢

See all the  
Lionel Trains  
and accessories  
in Catalogue

HEAR Bells...  
whistles...  
horns... on  
this railroad  
sound effects  
record.



TEN  
FULL-  
COLOR  
BILLBOARDS



This Christmas be one of the many lucky boys to get a set of realistic Lionel Trains. Here's how - start now by getting this thrilling, fun-filled 36-page Lionel catalogue in full color. It's complete with trains, accessories and track layout ideas. Show the trains you want to dad, ma, everybody. Send coupon for catalogue, plus a

5 1/2" double-faced phonograph record\* of steam train and Diesel sound effects. Plus 10 full-color, realistic billboards. Do it now, see Lionel Trains - world's finest for over 50 years - in the catalogue, hear them in action on this wonderful record. Write for this big special offer now, or see catalogue at your dealer's.

\*Play on all 78 RPM phonographs except some fixed speed or automatic players.

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I enclose 25¢. Please send me special Lionel Train catalogue offer, postage prepaid.

1. The new 36-page full-color Lionel catalogue.
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3. 10 full-color miniature billboards.

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City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_



# MONTY HALL

**DANGER  
BELOW!**

HEY, YOU GISMOS, STOP CHATTER-  
ING AND LISTEN TO MAJOR MARTIN.  
THIS ISN'T ANY PLEASURE TRIP  
WE'RE TAKING!

IT'S JUST LIKE  
GOIN' BY SUBWAY,  
EXCEPT IT'S UNDER  
WATER INSTEAD OF  
UNDERGROUND.

SURE HOPE  
I'M GOIN' TO LIKE  
TRAVELIN' BY  
SUBMARINE!

TAKE 'ER  
DOWN!

**M**AJOR MARTIN, AN INTELLIGENCE OFFICER  
IS BRIEFING MONTY, TEX AND CANARSIE ON THE  
DETAILS OF THEIR FOUR-MAN INVASION OF THE  
NORTH KOREAN COAST. THE THREE MARINES  
HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED TO ACCOMPANY THE  
MAJOR ON HIS DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT TO  
LEARN THE TRUTH ABOUT AN EPIDEMIC  
SWEEPING THE ENEMY TROOPS. THE U.S.  
SUBMARINE SEAWHALE, PART OF THE U.S.  
NAVY'S SILENT SERVICE, IS TAKING THEM  
TO THEIR DESTINATION.

THAT'S THE STORY, MEN. THE REDS  
ARE SAYING WE'RE USING GERM WAR-  
FARE. THAT'S NOT TRUE, OF COURSE,  
BUT SOMETHING IS VERY WRONG  
THERE AND WE WANT TO FIND  
OUT WHAT IT IS. IF IT'S BUBONIC  
PLAGUE, WE  
WANT TO KNOW  
BEFORE IT CAN  
BE SPREAD TO  
OUR FORCES!

BUBONIC  
PLAGUE!  
THAT'S CARRIED  
BY RATS,  
ISN'T IT?

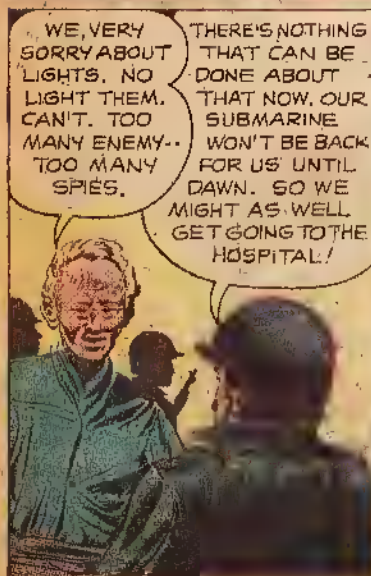
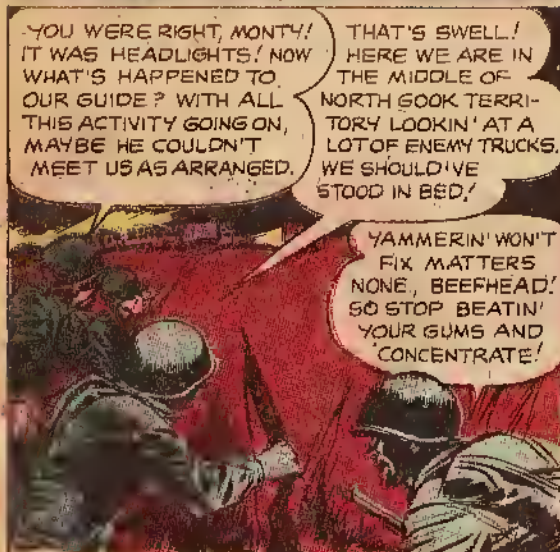
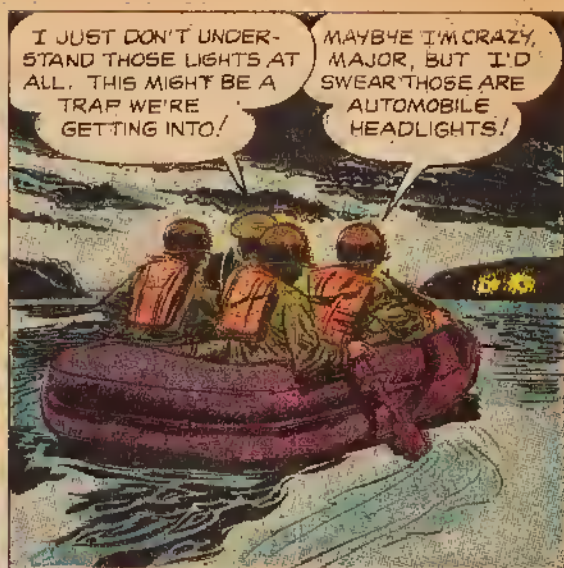
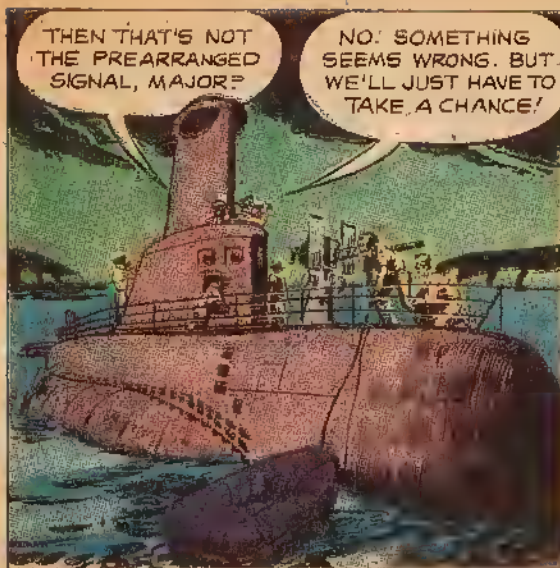
THAT'S ONE  
OF THE CAUSES!

YOU'RE RIGHT,  
CAPTAIN. THOSE DO  
LOOK LIKE OUR SIGNAL  
LIGHTS. WE'RE READY  
FOR THE LANDING.

YES,  
SIR!  
TAKE  
'ER UP!

BUBONIC  
PLAGUE--RATS!  
WHY COULDN'T  
THIS BE A NICE  
OLD-FASHIONED  
'LANDIN' UNDER  
ENEMY FIRE?



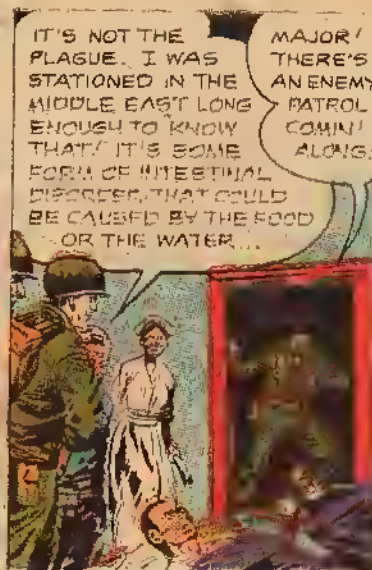






HOSPITAL. MANY SICK. MANY DIE.

TEX AND CANAR-SIE WILL STAY OUT HERE. LET ME KNOW IF ANY-ONE AT ALL COMES NEAR THE BUILDING. MONTY, COME IN WITH ME!



IT'S NOT THE PLAGUE. I WAS STATIONED IN THE MIDDLE EAST LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT! IT'S SOME FORM OF INTESTINAL DISORDER, THAT COULD BE CAUSED BY THE FOOD OR THE WATER...

MAJOR! THERE'S AN ENEMY PATROL COMIN' ALONG!



ABOUT TWENTY MEN IN THE PATROL, EH? WE COULD HOLD THEM OFF FOR A WHILE, BUT THAT WOULD ENDANGER THE HOSPITAL. WE CAN'T GO THAT!

WE, HAVE PLACE READY TO HIDE YOU. WE TAKE YOU THERE NOW.



UGH! GEMPER FI!

NO NOISE. PATROL SHOOT FIRST. ASK QUESTIONS AFTERWARDS.

HE'S RIGHT. YOU GYRENE'S SHOULD BE USED TO BOONDOCKS BY NOW. JUST KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.



THIS USED TO BE-- WHAT YOU SAY--OUR CITY HALL. BIG CELLAR. PATROL CANNOT FIND YOU HERE, IF YOU BE QUIET.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT. WE'LL BE QUIET AS MICE.

YEAH. DEAF AND DUMB ONES!



BUT I TELL YOU, WORSHIPFUL SIR, THAT I HEARD THE PLANS. THE AMERICANS COME TO VISIT THE HOSPITAL AND THEN HIDE HERE.

I THINK YOU LIE. THERE WAS NO ONE AT THE HOSPITAL, NOR IS THERE ANY-ONE HERE. THE COWARD AMERICANS WOULD NOT HAVE THE AUDACITY TO COME HERE. THEY FEAR THE POWER OF SOVIET CHINA!



CAN I SNEEZE NOW, OH WORSHIPFUL TEX, YOU DOG?

DO IT QUIET LIKE, SNNELIN' ONE! THAT SPY MIGHT STILL BE AROUND.



JUMPIN' CAT-FISH! IT'S THE SNNELIN' ONE!

WHERE IS HE? WHICH WAY DID HE GO?





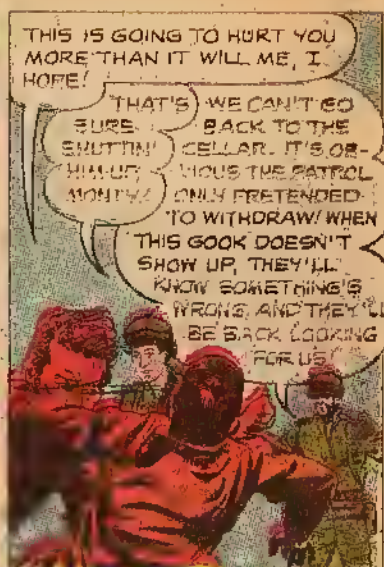
WE CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY, BUT WE CAN'T SHOOT HIM EITHER. THE NOISE WOULD BRING THE PATROL RIGHT BACK ON US.

DON'T WORRY, MAJOR. I DIDN'T PLAY FOOTBALL IN COLLEGE FOR NOTHING!



GOOD WORK, MONTY. THAT WAS AS NEAT A TACKLE AS I'VE SEEN!

HELP!  
HELP!



THIS IS GOING TO HURT YOU MORE THAN IT WILL ME, I HOPE!

THAT'S SURE SHUTTING HIM UP, MONTY!  
WE CAN'T GO BACK TO THE CELLAR. IT'S OBVIOUS THE PATROL ONLY PRETENDED TO WITHDRAW! WHEN THIS GOOK DOESN'T SHOW UP, THEY'LL KNOW SOMETHING'S WRONG, AND THEY'LL BE BACK LOOKING FOR US!



THEY'VE GOT THE OLD MAN. WE CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY WITH THAT!

SHALL I LOB ONE OF THESE INTO THEM, MAJOR?

YES, BUT NOT UNTIL I TELL YOU TO, MONTY. YOU AND TEX WILL RUN OUT AND GRAB HIM. CANARGIE AND I'LL KEEP YOU COVERED.



NOW!

THIS WAY! FOLLOW ME!

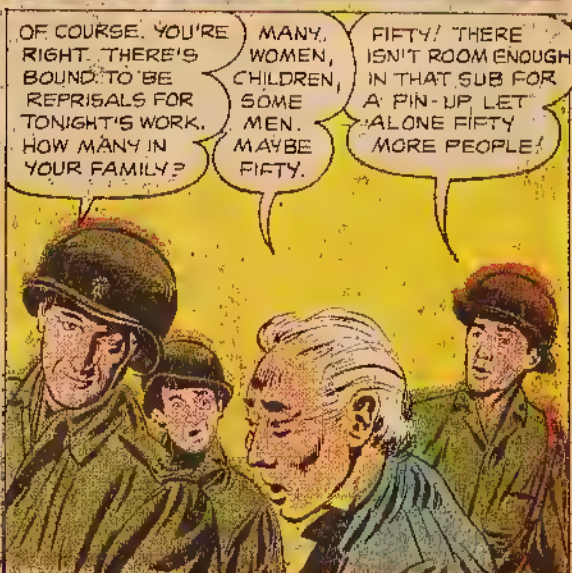
YOU'RE GOIN' TO HAVE TO PARDON ME, WORSHIPFUL SIR, BUT YOU'RE RIGHT IN MY WAY!



THE FAT'S IN THE FIRE NOW. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO HEAD FOR THE COAST AND HOPE THE SEAWHALE IS OUT THERE WAITING FOR US, BOYS!

DID YOU KNOW THAT SNIVELIN' LITTLE SPY MADE HIS GETAWAY IN ALL THE EXCITEMENT?

AW, THAT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE NOW. OUR MISSION'S ACCOMPLISHED, AND WE'RE GOIN' BACK. I GO WITH YOU. FAMILY ALSO!

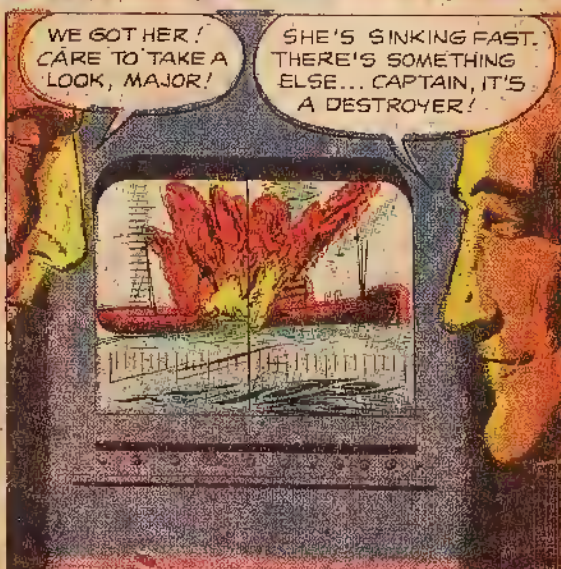
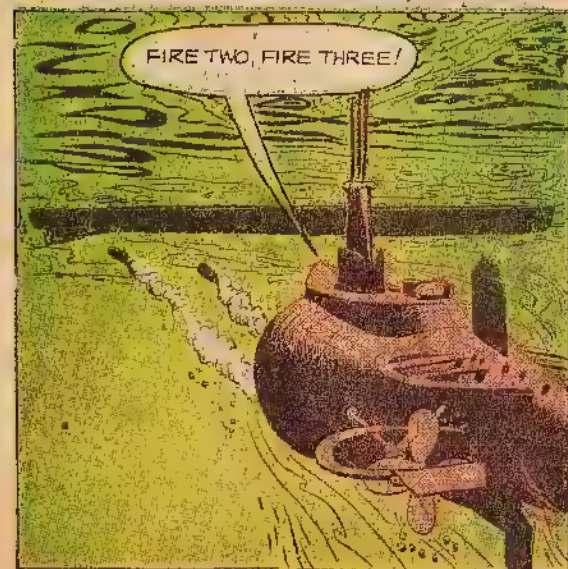
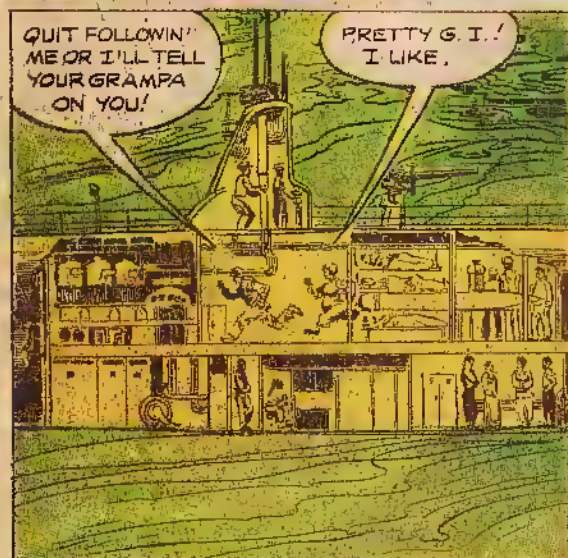


OF COURSE. YOU'RE RIGHT. THERE'S BOUND TO BE REPRISALS FOR TONIGHT'S WORK. HOW MANY IN YOUR FAMILY?

MANY. WOMEN, CHILDREN, SOME MEN. MAYBE FIFTY.

FIFTY! THERE ISN'T ROOM ENOUGH IN THAT SUB FOR A PIN-UP LET ALONE FIFTY MORE PEOPLE!



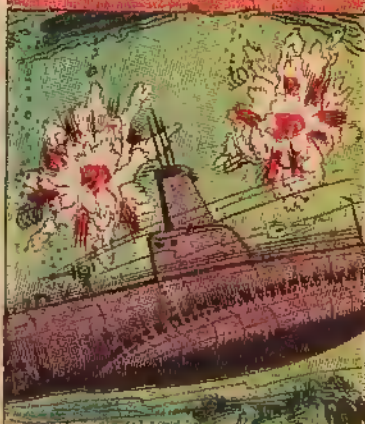
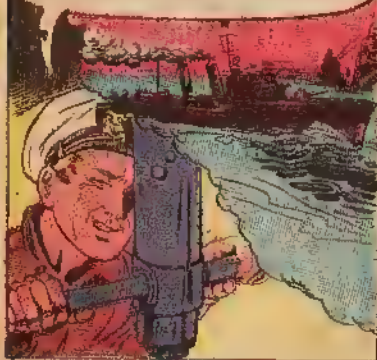




THAT FREIGHTER WAS A DECOY, AND WE SAILED RIGHT INTO IT LIKE A DUMB DUCK. WE'RE LUCKY, HOWEVER, THAT DESTROYER IS A SMALL FLIVVER TYPE. WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET AWAY FROM IT OKAY! TAKE 'ER DOWN AND POUR IT ON!

**FULL SPEED AHEAD! SILENTLY AND SWIFTLY, THE U.S.S. SEA WHALE MOVES THROUGH THE WATER TO AVOID THE DEATH BEING HURLED DOWN ON HER**

WE SCARED! STOW THAT STUFF GIRLIE! YOU DON'T DROWN IN AN AMERICAN SUB, SEE? AND STOP PULLIN' ON ME! I'M NO SUB-WAY STRAP!

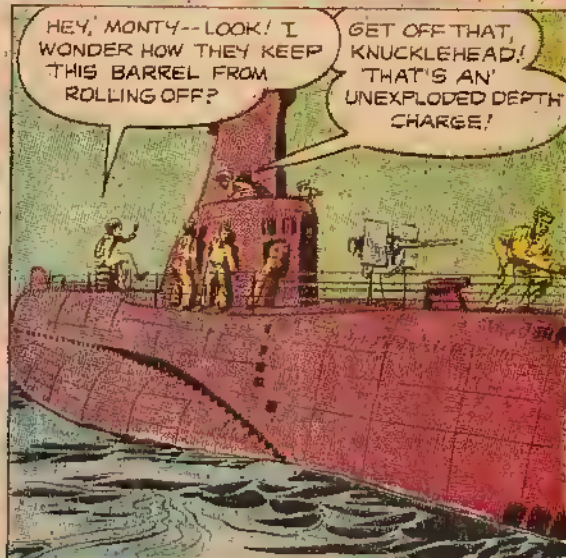


ALL CLEAR! WE'RE GOING UP.

I'M GOIN' TO BE THE FIRST ONE ON DECK. I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM THAT DAME SOME-HOW!

HEY, MONTY--LOOK! I WONDER HOW THEY KEEP THIS BARREL FROM ROLLING OFF?

GET OFF THAT, KNUCKLEHEAD! THAT'S AN UNEXPLODED DEPTH CHARGE!

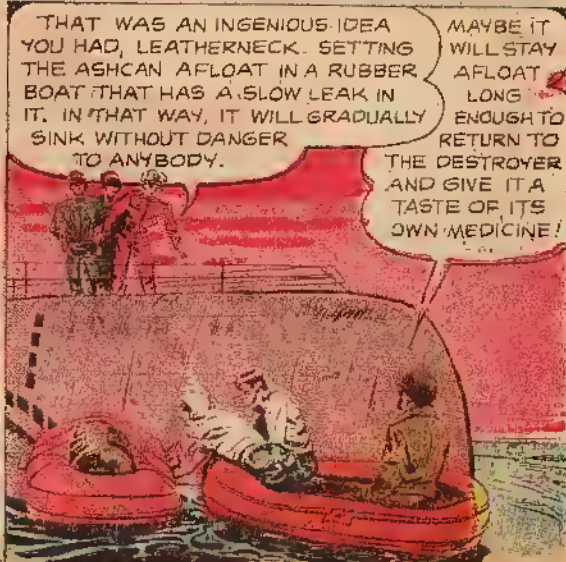


THERE ISN'T ANY WAY FOR US TO LAUNCH IT. WE HAVEN'T ANY BOMB DISPOSAL EXPERTS ON BOARD WHO COULD RENDER IT HARMLESS AND WE JUST CAN'T DROP IT OVERBOARD. IT WOULD BLAST US ALL TO KINGDOM COME! ANY SUGGESTIONS?

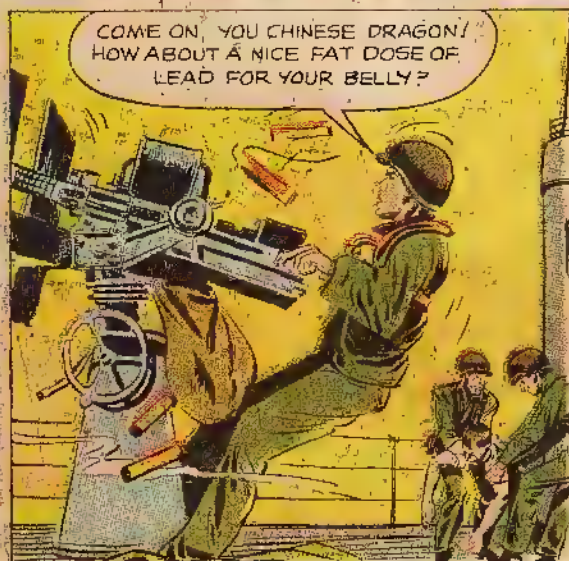
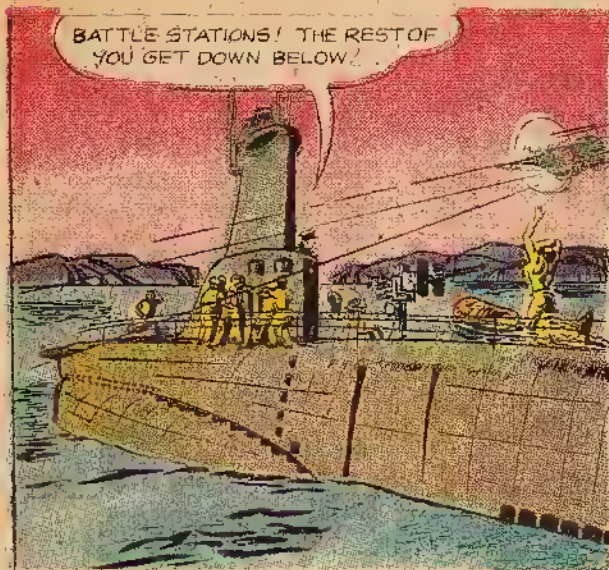
I THINK I KNOW A WAY, SIR.

THAT WAS AN INGENUOUS IDEA YOU HAD, LEATHERNECK. SETTING THE ASHCAN AFLOAT IN A RUBBER BOAT THAT HAS A SLOW LEAK IN IT. IN THAT WAY, IT WILL GRADUALLY SINK WITHOUT DANGER TO ANYBODY.

MAYBE IT WILL STAY AFLOAT LONG ENOUGH TO RETURN TO THE DESTROYER AND GIVE IT A TASTE OF ITS OWN MEDICINE!





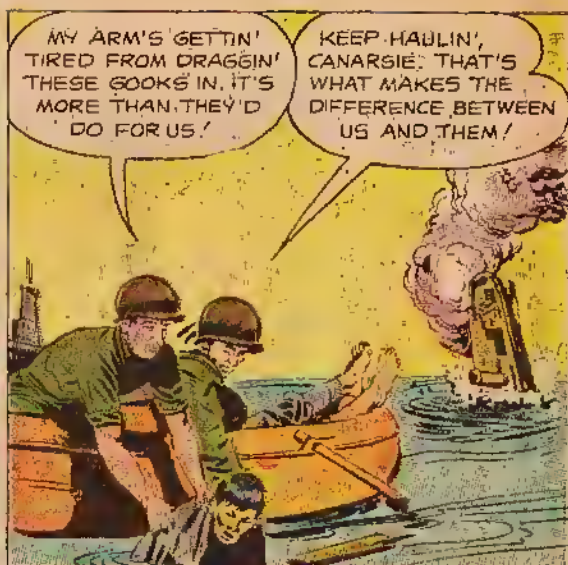






THEIR ASH CAN SURE MADE A MESS OUT OF THEM, ALL RIGHT!

AND THEY CALL THIS 'THE SILENT SERVICE'. WHAT'S SO SILENT ABOUT IT ANYWAY?



MY ARM'S GETTIN' TIRED FROM DRAGGIN' THESE GOOKS IN. IT'S MORE THAN THEY'D DO FOR US!

KEEP HAULIN', CANARGIE. THAT'S WHAT MAKES THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US AND THEM!



SAY, YOU'RE GOOD AT THAT.

I GO TOKYO NOW TO LEARN BE A NURSE IN ARMY HOSPITAL. I LIKE THAT.



GOODBYE, PRETTY G.I.

OH, SHE'S TOO FAT FOR ME...

LAY OFF, JARHEAD. SURE, THERE'S A LOT OF HER, BUT SHE'S A GOOD KID.

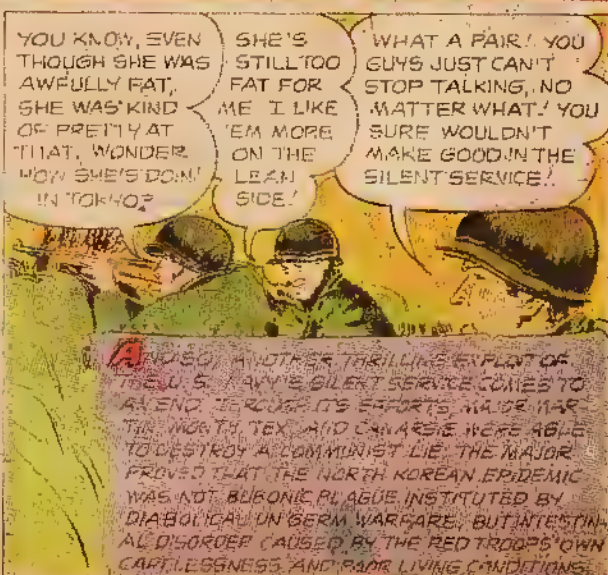
YOU'RE RIGHT, CANARGIE. IT'S THANKS TO PEOPLE LIKE HER AND HER GRANDPA THAT WILL MAKE THE UN FINALLY WIN IN KOREA!



WELL, HERE WE ARE BACK AGAIN!

WONDER HOW'S THE OUT-FIT BEEN DOIN' WITHOUT US?

I'M ALMOST GLAD TO BE BACK. GUESS I JUST PREFER FIGHTING ON DRY LAND.



YOU KNOW, EVEN THOUGH SHE WAS AWFULLY FAT, SHE WAS KIND OF PRETTY AT THAT. WONDER HOW SHE'S DOIN' IN TOKYO?

SHE'S STILL TOO FAT FOR ME. I LIKE 'EM MORE ON THE LEAN SIDE!

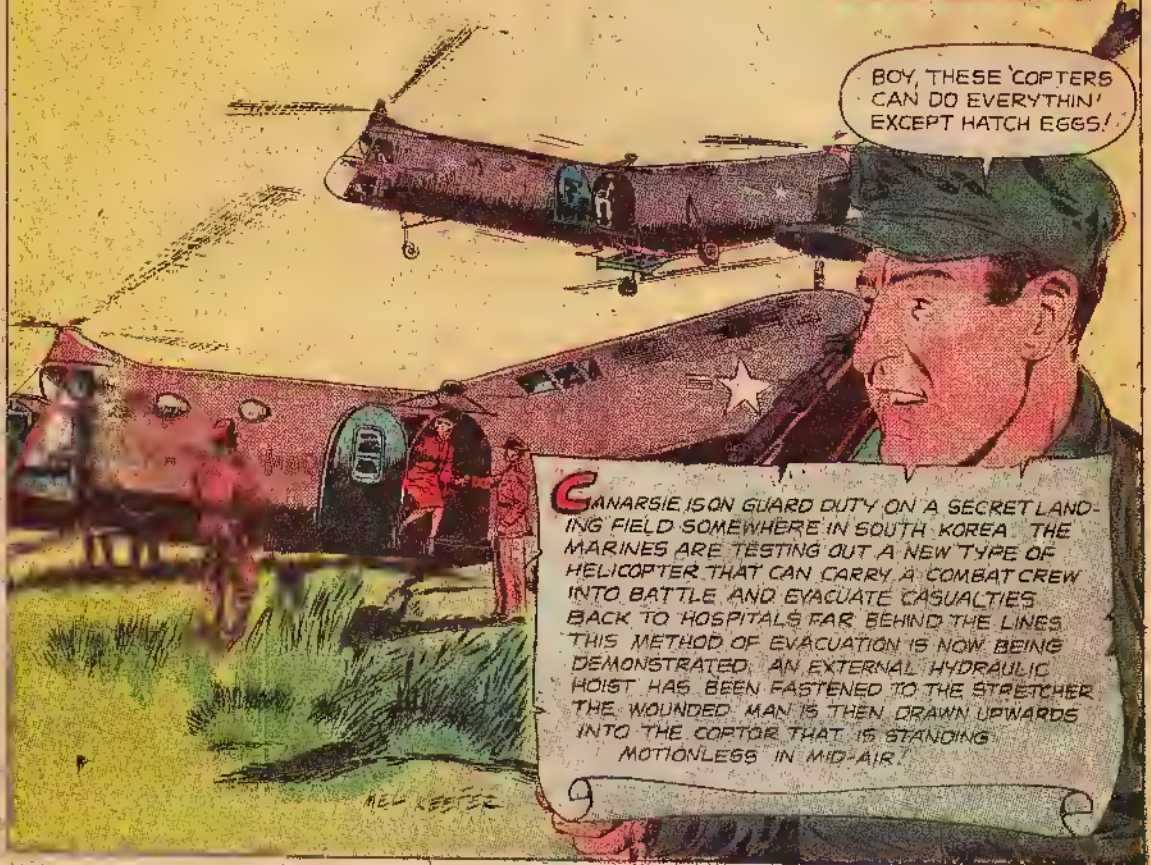
WHAT A FAIR! YOU GUYS JUST CAN'T STOP TALKING, NO MATTER WHAT! YOU SURE WOULDN'T MAKE GOOD IN THE SILENT SERVICE!

AND SO, ANOTHER THRILLING EXPLOIT OF THE U.S. NAVY'S SILENT SERVICE COMES TO AN END. THROUGH ITS EFFORTS, MAJOR MARTIN, MORTY TEX, AND CANARGIE WERE ABLE TO DESTROY A COMMUNIST LIE. THE MAJOR PROVED THAT THE NORTH KOREAN EPIDEMIC WAS NOT BUBONIC PLAGUE INSTITUTED BY DIABOLICAL UN-GERM WARFARE, BUT INTESTINAL DISORDER CAUSED BY THE RED TROOPS' OWN CARELESSNESS AND POOR LIVING CONDITIONS.



# The Flying Mare

FEATURING **CANARSIE**



**C**ANARSIE IS ON GUARD DUTY ON A SECRET LANDING FIELD SOMEWHERE IN SOUTH KOREA. THE MARINES ARE TESTING OUT A NEW TYPE OF HELICOPTER THAT CAN CARRY A COMBAT CREW INTO BATTLE AND EVACUATE CASUALTIES BACK TO HOSPITALS FAR BEHIND THE LINES. THIS METHOD OF EVACUATION IS NOW BEING DEMONSTRATED. AN EXTERNAL HYDRAULIC HOIST HAS BEEN FASTENED TO THE STRETCHER THE WOUNDED MAN IS THEN DRAWN UPWARDS INTO THE COPTOR THAT IS STANDING MOTIONLESS IN MID-AIR.

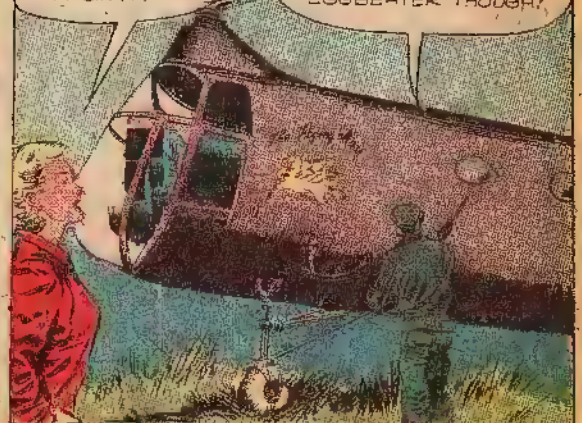
ALF KESTER

THIS IS SWEET!  
IF IT AIN'T ME,  
OLD PAL,  
DANCY  
BAILEY, GIRL,  
REPORTER!

CAME TO TAKE PICTURES OF THIS  
NEW COPTOR YOU MARINES ARE  
USING. EVER SEEN A HUMMINGBIRD  
HOVERING IN AIR? THAT'S WHAT  
THIS FLYING WINDMILL CAN DO--AT  
ZERO SPEED, TOO! AND IT CAN RISE  
VERTICALLY AS FAST AS 1500 FEET A  
MINUTE, MOVE SIDEWAYS, BACK UP AND  
DESCEND VERTICALLY. IT'S  
OUT OF THIS WORLD.

I WANT TO GO UP AGAIN  
AS SOON AS I CAN. I  
MANAGED TO GET  
SOME WONDERFUL  
CAMERA SHOTS  
FROM IT!

THE FLYIN' MARE. A  
GRUNT AND GROAN BOY  
MUST HAVE DREAMED UP  
THAT NAME, BET I COULD  
OPERATE THIS AIRBORNE  
EGGBEATER THOUGH!

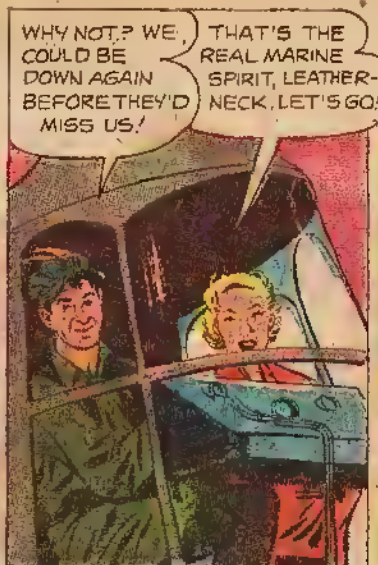






I'D SURE LIKE A CHANCE WORKIN' THE CONTROLS OF THIS PINWHEEL JEEP. THEY LOOK MIGHTY TEMPTIN' AND EASY.

ER... CANARSIE... EVERYBODY HAS LEFT THE FIELD, SEE?



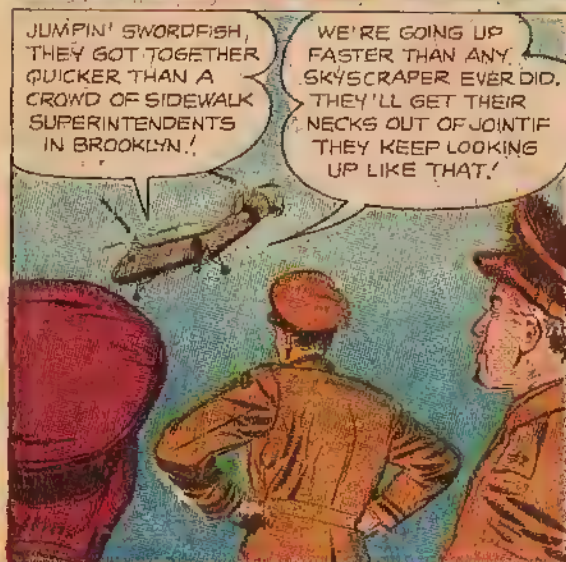
WHY NOT? WE COULD BE DOWN AGAIN BEFORE THEY'D MISS US!

THAT'S THE REAL MARINE SPIRIT, LEATHER-NECK. LET'S GO!



SEMPER FI! OFF WE GO INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER!

THEY LOOK A LITTLE WILD DOWN THERE, TOO. WHERE DID THEY ALL COME FROM SO QUICKLY, I WONDER?



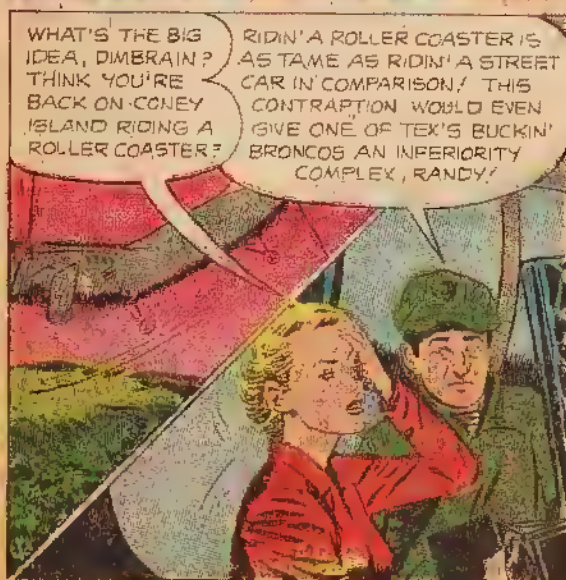
JUMPIN' SWORDFISH, THEY GOT TOGETHER QUICKER THAN A CROWD OF SIDEWALK SUPERINTENDENTS IN BROOKLYN!

WE'RE GOING UP FASTER THAN ANY SKYSCRAPER EVER DID. THEY'LL GET THEIR NECKS OUT OF JOINT IF THEY KEEP LOOKING UP LIKE THAT!



REDUCE TO ZERO! I WANT TO TAKE SOME PICTURES. IT'S A SUPERB ANGLE FROM HERE.

REDUCE TO ZERO? YES, MA'AM! I'M REDUCIN'!



WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, DIMBRAIN? THINK YOU'RE BACK ON CONEY ISLAND RIDING A ROLLER COASTER?

RIDIN' A ROLLER COASTER IS AS TAME AS RIDIN' A STREET CAR IN COMPARISON! THIS CONTRAPTION WOULD EVEN GIVE ONE OF TEX'S BUCKIN' BRONCOS AN INFERIORITY COMPLEX, RANDY!



I'LL BE A SAD SACK! THEY'RE FIRIN' AT US! THEY MUST THINK WE'RE REDS!

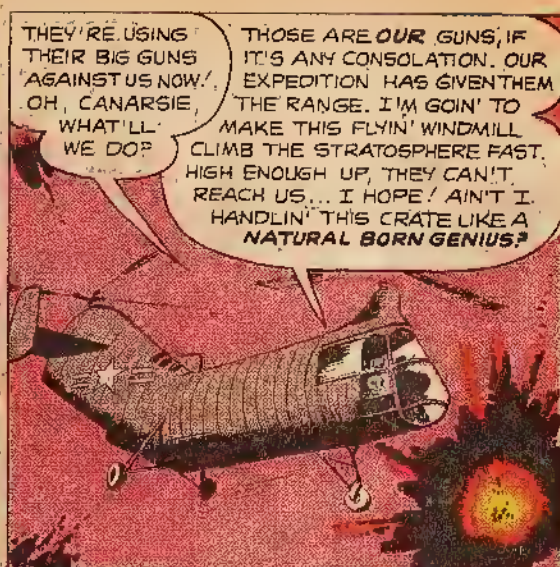
ARE YOU FOOLING? JUST LOOK AT THEM. THEY'RE REDS!





I'M GETTING SOME WONDERFUL SHOTS, CANARSIE. THIS IS PERFECT!

PERFECT, SHE SAYS. OH, MY ACHING BACK!



THEY'RE USING THEIR BIG GUNS AGAINST US NOW! OH, CANARSIE, WHAT'LL WE DO?

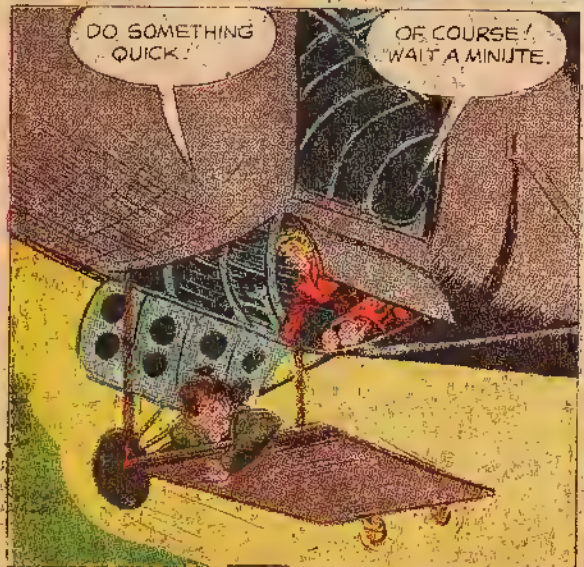
THOSE ARE OUR GUNS, IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION. OUR EXPEDITION HAS GIVEN THEM THE RANGE. I'M GOIN' TO MAKE THIS FLYIN' WINDMILL CLIMB THE STRATOSPHERE FAST, HIGH ENOUGH UP, THEY CAN'T REACH US... I HOPE! AIN'T I HANDLIN' THIS CRATE LIKE A NATURAL BORN GENIUS?



JUST SIT HERE A MINUTE, RANDY, AND DON'T TOUCH ANYTHIN', PLEASE. I WANT TO CHECK AFT, AND MAKE SURE EVERYTHIN' IS OKAY. SOME OF THOSE BURSTS CAME TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT.



I'LL BE... RANDY!



DO SOMETHING QUICK!

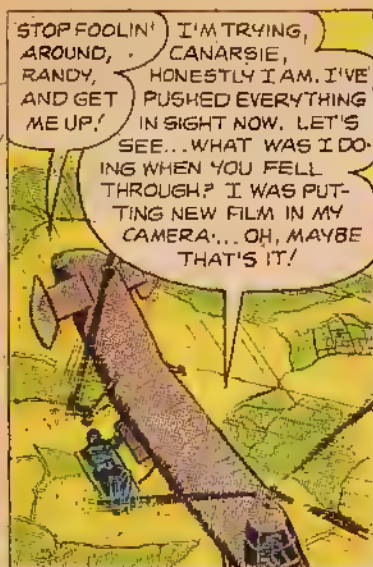
OF COURSE! WAIT A MINUTE.



THIS ISN'T WHAT I MEANT BY DOIN' SOMETHING! REVERSE WHATEVER YOU DID BEFORE AND HAUL ME UP!

DON'T BE NERVOUS, CANARSIE. THESE PICTURES I'M TAKING WILL BE ABSOLUTELY PRICELESS. JUST SWING BACK AND FORTH MORE. YOU KNOW, LIKE TARZAN DOES IN THE 'MOVIES.'





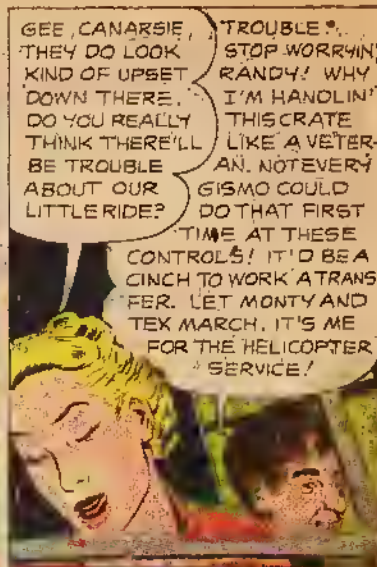
STOP FOOLIN' AROUND, RANDY, AND GET ME UP!

I'M TRYING, CANARSIE, HONESTLY I AM. I'VE PUSHED EVERYTHING IN SIGHT NOW. LET'S SEE... WHAT WAS I DOING WHEN YOU FELL THROUGH? I WAS PUTTING NEW FILM IN MY CAMERA... OH, MAYBE THAT'S IT!



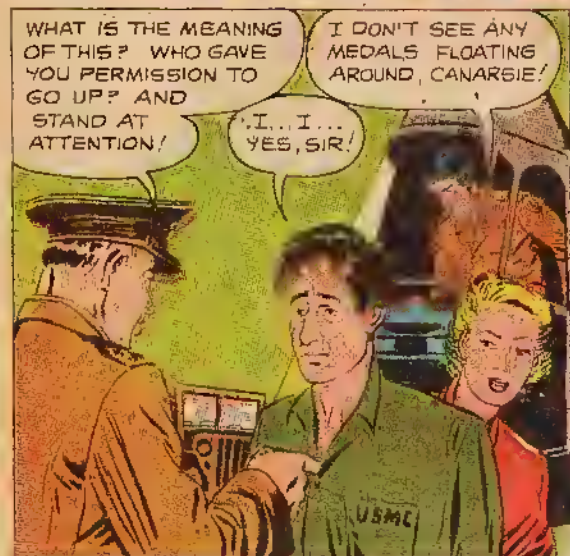
WASN'T THAT CLEVER OF ME TO REMEMBER?

JUST LIKE A WOMAN DRIVER. AN EXPERT AT THEM CONTROLS!



GEE, CANARSIE, THEY DO LOOK KIND OF UPSET DOWN THERE. DO YOU REALLY THINK THERE'LL BE TROUBLE ABOUT OUR LITTLE RIDE?

TROUBLE? STOP WORRYIN', RANDY! WHY I'M HANDLIN' THIS CRATE LIKE A VETERAN. NOTEVERY GISMO COULD DO THAT FIRST TIME AT THESE CONTROLS! IT'D BE A CINCH TO WORK A TRANSFER. LET MONTY AND TEX MARCH. IT'S ME FOR THE HELICOPTER SERVICE!



WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS? WHO GAVE YOU PERMISSION TO GO UP? AND STAND AT ATTENTION!

I DON'T SEE ANY MEDALS FLOATING AROUND, CANARSIE!

I... I... YES, SIR!



NO DAMAGE DONE, CAPTAIN. RADIO CONTROLS WORKED PERFECTLY. THIS COPTOR IS ABSOLUTELY FOOLPROOF!

RADIO CONTROLS? OH, NO. THAT'S HILARIOUS! **THEY WERE OPERATING IT FROM THE GROUND ALL THE TIME!** WE DIDN'T HAVE A THING TO DO WITH IT. WAIT UNTIL MONTY AND TEX HEAR ABOUT THIS!

YEAH? I BET RADIO CONTROL HADN'THIN' TO DO WITH THAT ROPE ACT YOU PULLED ON ME!



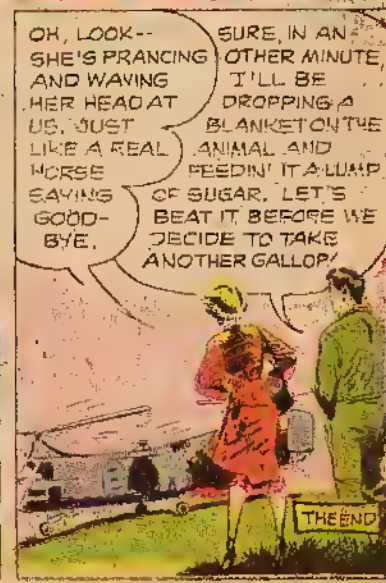
MISS BAILEY HAS JUST INFORMED ME SHE TOOK PICTURES OF THE ENTIRE FLIGHT THAT WILL DEFINITELY ESTABLISH THAT THIS COPTOR CAN BE FLOWN BY REMOTE CONTROL! SO INSPITE OF YOURSELF, YOU'VE DONE US A SERVICE. BUT DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU FOOLING AROUND THESE SHIPS AGAIN, PRIVATE, OR I'LL THROW THE BOOK AT YOU!

YES, SIR!



WHEW! I'M SURE RIDIN' MY LUCK OVERTIME ON THAT ONE! BUT WHAT DO THEY MEAN BY SAYIN' IT WAS FOOLPROOF? THAT DON'T SOUND LIKE A COMPLIMENT TO ME!

MAYBE NOT TO US, BUT IT CERTAINLY WAS TO OLD FLYING MARE. SHE'S A REAL WINGED STEED!



OH, LOOK-- SHE'S PRANCING AND WAVING HER HEAD AT US. JUST LIKE A REAL ANIMAL AND HORSE SAYING GOOD-BYE.

SURE, IN ANOTHER MINUTE I'LL BE DRIPPING A BLANKET ON THE ANIMAL AND FEEDIN' IT A LUMP OF SUGAR. LET'S BEAT IT BEFORE WE DECIDE TO TAKE ANOTHER GALLOP!

THE END





## THE FIRST HIT DOESN'T COUNT

A small unit of Marine riflemen were dug in the snow under cover of darkness close by Chosin Reservoir, methodically picking off every Chinese Red who dared to venture forth along a low ridge.

During a long moment when the rifles were silent one of the enemy fired from a concealed position. A Marine suddenly dropped his rifle and groaned, "He got me!"

As the Marine crawled backward, clutching at his wounded left forearm, he caught the attention of his nearest buddy who

looked at him for a moment, then said, "Get back to your rifle, pal. I guess you don't know the rules around here. You don't yell until you've been hit a second time."

The remark sent a ripple of laughter along the firing line, and the Marine who had been hit quietly pulled his rifle back to his shoulder. He spotted a moving shadow on the snow fifty yards ahead. He took steady aim and fired. The shadow turned a half-somersault and then lay still.

## STRANGE KILL FOR A PANTHER

The Marine pilot streaking over a Red supply road above the 38th parallel couldn't believe his eyes. The speed of his F9F Panther jet prevented him from taking a second look until he could bank around and swing over the road again.

This time the Marine airman caught the strange target in his gun sight, and knew that his eyes hadn't deceived him the first time. The odd creature lumbering along under a heavy load of ammunition cases

was surely enough a two-humped camel of the type used along the caravan routes in Manchuria. The Marine pilot was searching for enemy supply vehicles, but he couldn't rule out the camel on technical grounds.

One short burst of fire from the jet's wing guns was enough for a perfect score. The camel's burden blew up, and when the smoke cleared there just wasn't a trace left of the target.

## A HERO ALL THE WAY

All the Marine casualties except one were anxious to get aboard the plane on the emergency airstrip at Hagaru-ri. While they pushed ahead, this wounded sergeant kept dropping back in the line.

His strange actions caught the attention of a Marine observation squadron pilot. The latter walked over to the wounded sergeant and tapped his shoulder. "What's the idea of holding back? Don't you want to be evacuated?"

The tough sergeant turned to him and

grinned. "Don't worry about me, Lieutenant. I just got a little bullet hole through my stomach. I'll pull through okay. The men in front of me are suffering lots more than I, and maybe there won't be room for us aboard the transport."

The Marine lieutenant took the sergeant's elbow and turned him around gently. "See that two-seater observation plane down the field? Walk over there and wait for me. I'll be along in a minute to fly you out of here. The U.S. Marines don't want to lose a man like you!"

## THE WRONG TIME OUT

The Chinese had crept up during the night, but without grenades they couldn't blast the Marine fire team from foxholes across the fast-moving mountain brook. There was plenty of cover on both sides. Some of the boulders were higher than a man's head.

Behind one of these rocks a Marine Pfc laid down his automatic rifle, removed his boots and peeled off his socks. The others

were too busy watching for Reds to notice what he was doing.

Leaving his boots and rifle behind, the Marine carefully picked his way down through the boulders to the bank of the brook. He was bent forward on his knees when his platoon leader spotted him and yelled.

"Are you crazy? Yeah, I mean you down there at the brook! Come back here and bring a darned good excuse with you!"



The Pfc pretended he didn't hear. He was doing something in the water. His shoulders rocked vigorously as his arms went up and down like pistons.

The platoon sergeant hurled a stone. It struck the water, spraying the Pfc's face. He turned and began crawling back through the boulders. At his foxhole he found the angry sergeant waiting. "What were you doing down there?" the non-com demanded.

## NOTHING TO WRITE HOME

A roaring sweep by Marine-piloted Corsairs left the enemy-held ridge under a haze of smoke. Rockets, bombs and machine gun bullets had killed over forty Chinese Reds.

Before the last pocket of smoke disappeared, a Marine patrol scrambled up the ridge to hold the ground for another group that was moving up with mortars. One of the Marines in the patrol was an inveterate souvenir hunter. He scratched around the Chinese slit trenches, picking up a button here, a chopstick there. It didn't matter to him that he already had a collection of over seventy good chopsticks and every button and insignia to be found on the uniforms of Red Chinese soldiers below the rank of general.

Souvenir hunting was his way of keeping his mind off a sunny valley back in California. Every time he was sent back to a rest camp, he packed in a hundred or more pounds of assorted gimmicks which he sold or traded with other Marines.

A shiny object caught his eye. It lay on the bare ground in front of what had been a Chinese gun position. Something about it looked very familiar, but the Marine thought his eyes were playing a trick until he reached down and picked it up.

It was a ball-point pen with a silver cup and it bore his initials, stamped in gold on the pen barrel. Sure, it was his own pen, but how had it found its way to a place he'd never been to before?

The Pfc pulled a pair of socks from his jacket and squeezed a few drops of water from them. "It's me who should be beefing," he muttered. "Chinese everywhere around us, and I have to do my own laundry! If I'd stood in these socks another day, they'd have grown into my feet!"

"Get 'em back on and get busy with your rifle. Today's Wednesday, and wash day is still Monday in this company!"

Part of the answer was simple. He had lost the pen three weeks before in the Yangdok area. The pen had been loosed from its clip and shaken from the Marine's pocket when he had hit the ground to duck a mortar shell burst. The Reds had later moved in, and one of them had undoubtedly picked up the pen. How else could it have come to be found on the bomb-blasted ridge?

The souvenir hunter called it quits after the other Marines moved up. He was sitting on the mound before a foxhole, spreading various newly-acquired bits of this and that on a square of green cloth. He explained to the others watching him that each small treasure had a certain value, and that his strangest find had been the pen bearing his initials.

One of the Marines asked to see the pen. The souvenir hunter shook his head. "I broke the barrel and threw it away," he said. "If it turns up somewhere else, I won't bother to bend over for it. I started to get rid of that pen a month ago. Each time I threw it away or dropped it, the damned thing turned up again."

"What's wrong with it?" a Marine asked. "It can't leak if it's a ball-point pen."

"That's the trouble with those things," the souvenir hunter complained. "If it leaked I wouldn't mind keeping it. You can write with a leaky pen, but that fool thing won't work even with a new dry ink cartridge. I hope I don't find it again."

## NOTES ON THE RED BURP GUN

The close-range effectiveness of the Burp gun, made by the Russians and issued to Chinese Red troops, has never been underestimated by Marines in the front lines. The gun appears awkward and lacks the refinements of workmanship found in the Thompson gun. But it was made to kill, and it does the job.

It uses a 7.62 mm. cartridge, smaller and less powerful than the .45 calibre used in the Thompsons. It is blowback operated and air-cooled. Its overall length is 32 1/4 inches, with the barrel taking only 10 1/2

inches of this. The gun weighs 3 1/2 pounds, and the bullets are fed by a drum-type magazine holding 71 rounds. A few Burp guns have been made to use a box magazine holding 25 rounds.

Originally equipped with a tangent sight scaled for from 50 to 500 meters, the Burp guns picked up in recent battles have been found with leaf-type sights that can be set for 100 and 200 meters.

The name Burp is strictly an American appellation. To the Russians it is known as the Model 1941 Shpaghin.



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# MONTY HALL

## PRISONER OF WAR



**F**OLLOWING ORDERS, THE UN FORCES FACING A HUMAN SEA, ARE TRADING REAL ESTATE FOR LIVES. BUT NO MATTER HOW MANY CASUALTIES THEY INFLICT, THE FANATIC REDS COME, SHOUTING, KILLING BEFORE DYING IN THEIR TURN. FIGHTING FEVERISH ODDS, MONTY, TEX AND CANARSIE, ARE DETERMINED THAT IF THEY MUST DIE, THEY WILL TAKE AS MANY OF THE ENEMY WITH THEM AS POSSIBLE.

MEC  
KEETER



"THIS SURE LOOKS AS THOUGH THIS IS IT! SEMPER FI!"

SEMPER FI! COME ON, YOU RATS! LET'S HEAR YOU SQUEAL!



PUT HANDS UP! SURRENDER. YOU LIVE!

BLOW IT, BUDDY. WE AREN'T QUITTIN'!





OKAY, YOU WIN.  
WE SURRENDER.

YOU CAN'T DO  
THAT TO ME, MONTY!  
I'D RATHER THEY  
KILLED ME FIRST!

BE SMART, CANARSIE.  
DEAD, WE'RE NO GOOD TO  
ANYBODY. CAPTURED, WE  
ALL GOT A CHANCE...MAYBE!



SOMEWHERE IN NORTH KOREA...

I CAN WALK  
FASTER THAN  
THIS HORSE  
CAR'S GOIN'!

DON'T SEE WHY WE  
JUST DON'T GET OFF  
AND WALK AWAY!

THAT'S ALL  
THEY'RE WAITIN'  
FOR. THE GUARDS  
UP THERE WOULD  
SHOOT US DOWN LIKE  
CLAY PIGEONS!



IF I EAT  
ANY MORE  
RICE, I'M  
GOIN' TO TURN  
INTO A MESS  
OF CHOP  
SUEY!

HEY,  
FELLOWS,  
LOOK  
AT  
WHAT I  
FOUND!

A STEAK.  
A BIG,  
JUICY  
PORTER-  
HOUSE  
STEAK!

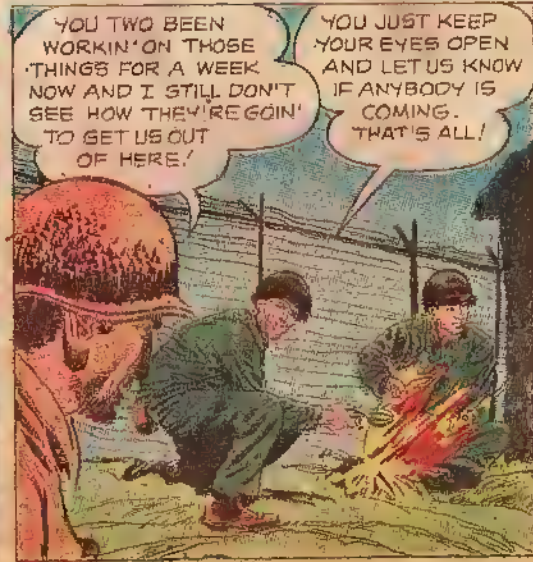


WE  
CAN'T  
EAT  
THOSE!

WE COULD, IF WE  
FOUND THE  
REST OF THE  
CRITTER THEY  
BELONG  
TO!



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.  
THESE ARE GOING TO  
HELP US GET OUT  
OF HERE!



YOU TWO BEEN  
WORKIN' ON THOSE  
THINGS FOR A WEEK  
NOW AND I STILL DON'T  
SEE HOW THEY'RE GOIN'  
TO GET US OUT  
OF HERE!

YOU JUST KEEP  
YOUR EYES OPEN  
AND LET US KNOW  
IF ANYBODY IS  
COMING.  
THAT'S ALL!



THE HORSESHOES  
TRANSFORMED INTO  
PLIERS AND AN EARTH-  
DIGGER, MONTY, TEX,  
AND CANARSIE ARE  
READY TO CUT THEIR  
WAY THROUGH THE  
BARBED WIRE  
TO FREEDOM!



WE'VE GOT TWENTY MINUTES BEFORE THEY MAKE THEIR NEXT ROUND. WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST.

SURE GLAD THEY'VE ONLY ONE SEARCHLIGHT-- AND A PORTABLE ONE AT THAT!



THE SECOND STRAND OF BARBED WIRE FENCE WAS ELECTRICALLY CHARGED WITH THOUSANDS OF VOLTS. ONE TOUCH MEANT SURE DEATH. THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO AVOID IT, AND THAT WAS BY DIGGING UNDERNEATH...



IF HE BREATHE'S TOO HARD, HE'S A GONER!

I WONDER IF PRAYIN' WOULD DO ANY GOOD RIGHT NOW!



TAKE IT EASY, CANARSIE. KEEP YOUR HEAD AND BOTTOM DOWN!

AND KEEP YOUR FINGERS CROSSED!



THERE WASN'T MUCH ROOM UNDER THE HOT WIRE EVEN FOR ME, AND TEX NEEDS PLENTY MORE SPACE.

I KNOW. IT'S GOING TO BE A TIGHT SQUEEZE!



YO! JUST LIKE BOOT CAMP! REMEMBER WHEN TEX GOT CAUGHT ON BARBED WIRE...

LET'S KEEP THE MEMORIES FOR ANOTHER TIME, CANARSIE. WE'VE GOT THINGS TO DO!



YOU ALL RIGHT, TEX? COME ON, LET'S GET GOING!

UGH!

WITH YOU!



WE'VE GOT TO STICK TOGETHER. IF WE GET SEPARATED, WE'RE LICKED. THEY'LL GET US ONE BY ONE!

WE'LL STICK. DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT.







POUGH! I'VE GOT A MOUTHFUL OF CINDERS!

"CINDERS?" IT'S A RAIL-ROAD!

YOU KNOW I'VE GOT A HORRIBLE SUSPICION WE'RE HEADIN' RIGHT BACK FOR THAT CAMP!



I TELL YOU WE'VE GOT TO DO IT. THERE ISN'T ANY PLACE ELSE TO HIDE.

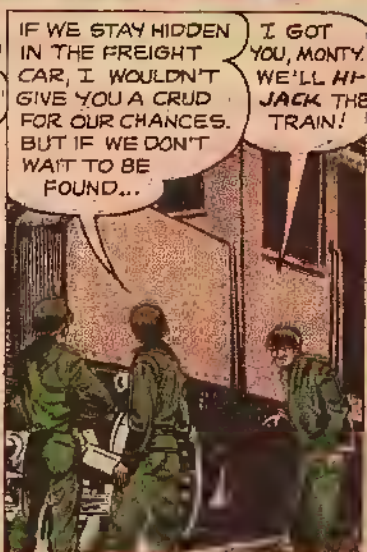
COME ON THEN. WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR?



THERE'S A LOT OF STRAW IN HERE. WE CAN HIDE UNDER THAT.

WAIT A SEC, CANARSIE. I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA.

WHAT ARE YOU THINKIN' UP NOW?



IF WE STAY HIDDEN IN THE FREIGHT CAR, I WOULDN'T GIVE YOU A CRUD FOR OUR CHANCES. BUT IF WE DON'T WAIT TO BE FOUND...

I GOT YOU, MONTY. WE'LL HI-JACK THE TRAIN!



START SHOVELIN', TEX. THIS CASEY JONES IS GOIN' TO DO SOME RAILROADIN'!



HAVE YOU EVER DRIVEN ONE OF THESE THINGS BEFORE, CANARSIE?

OF COURSE NOT. BUT IT'S SIMPLE. NOTHIN' TO IT. SEE...

NO HANDS! SEMPER FI! OFF WE GO INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER!



THIS IS A SINGLE-GUAGE TRACK, ISN'T IT? WHAT HAPPENS IF WE MEET ANOTHER TRAIN GOIN' THE OTHER WAY?

ALL I CAN SAY, TEX, IS LET'S JUST HOPE WE DON'T!



SUFFERIN' MACKERAL! LOOK!





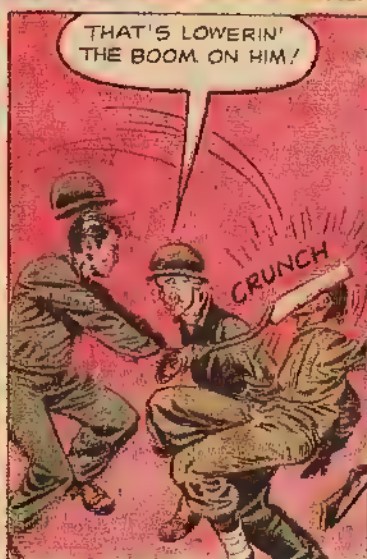
WHERE DID  
THIS HOMBRE  
COME FROM?

WE HAVEN'T GOT  
THE TIME TO FIND  
OUT NOW!



HEY--  
STOP IT, TEX.  
THAT'S ME  
YOU'RE  
PUNCHIN'!

KEEP YOUR  
FACE OUT OF  
THE WAY OF MY  
FISTS THEN!



THAT'S LOWERIN'  
THE BOOM ON HIM!

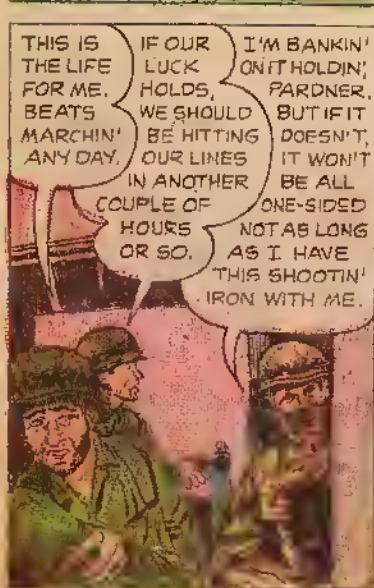
CRUNCH



THE FREIGHT CAR'S REALLY  
EMPTY NOW. HE MUST HAVE  
FALLEN ASLEEP IN THERE.

WELL, COME  
ON, LET'S  
INVESTIGATE.  
TIME'S  
AWASTIN'

HOW ABOUT  
TAKIN' THE  
THROTTLE  
FOR A WHILE,  
MONTY?



THIS IS  
THE LIFE  
FOR ME.  
BEATS  
MARCHIN'  
ANY DAY.

IF OUR  
LUCK  
HOLDS,  
WE SHOULD  
BE HITTING  
OUR LINES  
IN ANOTHER  
COUPLE OF  
HOURS  
OR SO.

I'M BANKIN'  
ON IT HOLDIN',  
PARDNER.  
BUT IF IT  
DOESN'T,  
IT WON'T  
BE ALL  
ONE-SIDED  
NOT AS LONG  
AS I HAVE  
THIS SHOOTIN'  
IRON WITH ME.



JUMP! WE'VE  
GOT TO JUMP.  
BUT  
PRONTO!

I...I...  
CAN'T! I...  
I WON'T!

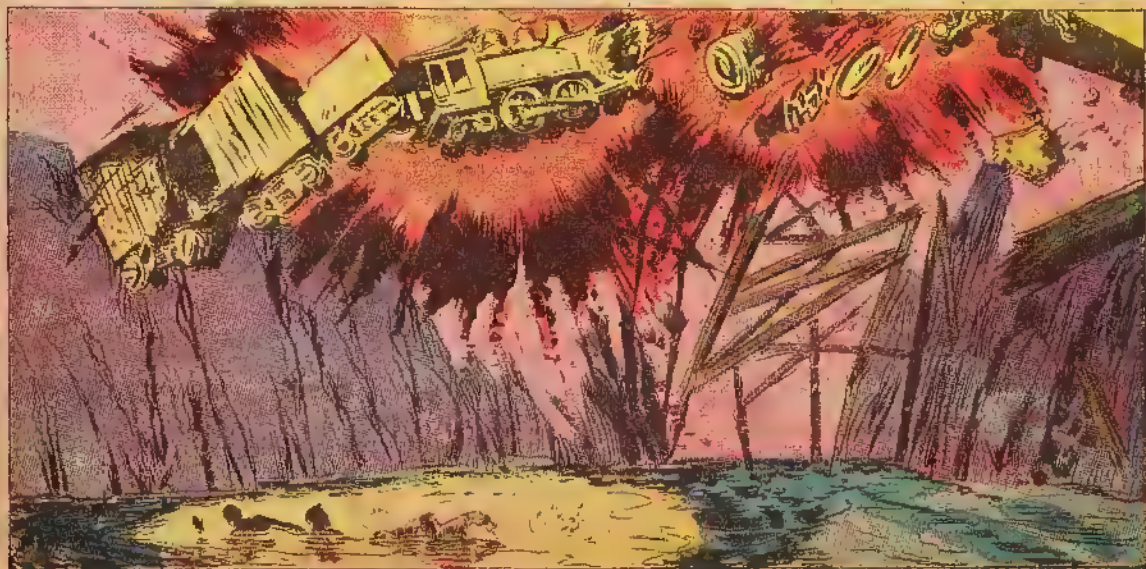


COME ON,  
CANARSIE.  
YOU'RE  
ALL  
FOULED  
UP!

YOU  
SURE  
PICKED  
A GOOD  
TIME TO  
BLOW YOUR  
STACK, DEVIL  
DOG!

LEAVE ME  
ALONE,  
YOU CRUDS...  
LEAVE ME  
ALONE!









WHAT WAS IN THAT OTHER TRAIN ANYWAY? AMMUNITION?

PROBABLY. GET CANARSIE BEHIND THOSE BUSHES. WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO USE ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION.



LET ME TAKE OVER FOR A WHILE, MONTY. YOU'VE BEEN GOING PRETTY STEADY.

OKAY, TEX. I'LL TAKE THE GUARD SHIFT. WE'VE JUST BEEN LUCKY THAT THE GISMOS FROM THE OTHER TRAIN HAVE BEEN TOO SHAKEN UP TO THINK ABOUT US YET!



TAKE IT EASY, TEX. THAT'S MY CHEST YOU'RE RIDIN'--NOT A BUCKIN' BRONCO!

OUR BOY'S BACK AGAIN, MONTY!



DO YOU THINK YOU CAN START TRAVELIN' SOON, CANARSIE?

SURE. SORRY ABOUT PULLIN' THAT DROWNIN' ACT ON YOU.

THINK NOTHING OF IT, BUZZARD BAIT! IF YOU HADN'T ELECTED TO TAKE A NOSE-DIVE RIGHT THEN, WE MIGHT'VE BEEN KILLED!



NOBODY'S NOTICED US YET, BUT IT WON'T BE LONG NOW.

WE'VE BEEN RIDIN' OUR LUCK PRETTY HARD. WE'VE GOT TO GET A PLACE TO HIDE!

TALKIN' ABOUT RIDIN' LUCK, ISN'T THAT A BOAT AHEAD?



WE'RE GOIN' TO BE PERFECT TARGETS SITTING IN THIS TUB!

WE STILL HAVE A COUPLE OF HOURS BEFORE DAYLIGHT. OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO FIND SOME SORT OF COVER BEFORE THAT.



I STILL DON'T LIKE WATER, BUT FLOATIN' IS BETTER THAN WALKIN' ANYTIME. EXCEPT THAT I DID LIKE RIDIN' IN THAT TRAIN.

WELL, WE WRECKED THAT TRAIN. WONDER WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO US IN THIS BOAT?

YOU'LL SOON FIND OUT--FOR THERE'S DANGER AHEAD!





WHAT GOES ON HERE? I'M GETTIN' SEA-SICK!

I'VE BEEN SHOOTIN' RAPIDS FOR A LONG TIME AND THIS REALLY FEELS RIGHT FAMILIAR.

WE'RE APPROACH- ING ROUGH WATER ALL RIGHT. HEAD FOR SHORE!



I'LL BE A SAD SACK. HERE WE GO AGAIN!



TRY TO MAKE FOR THAT ROCK!

HOW? I'M JUST GOIN' ALONG FOR THE RIDE!



HANG ON, CANARSIE, I'M GETTING CLOSE TO YOU.

I'M HANGIN' MONTY-- I'M HANGIN'!



WE SURE MAKE PRIME TARGETS SITTIN' OUT HERE LIKE THIS. NOTHIN' TO STOP US FROM BEING PICKED OFF LIKE TURKEYS ON A STRING!

DON'T WANT TO WORRY YOU NONE, BUT THERE'S A COUPLE OF GISMOS OVER THERE THAT PROBABLY HAVE THE SAME IDEA.



WHAT ARE YOU WAITIN' FOR, MONTY? I CAN'T SWIM AND YOU CAN'T BRING THAT BOAT UP HERE. SO GET GOIN' AND SAVE YOURSELF!

CANAR-SIE, SOME- TIMES YOU BEAT YOUR GUMS TOO MUCH. THIS IS ONE OF THE TIMES



THE BOAT! HE'S LET IT GO!

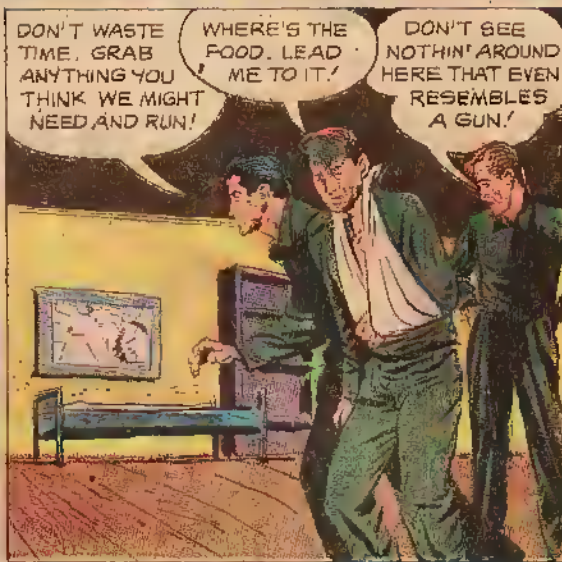
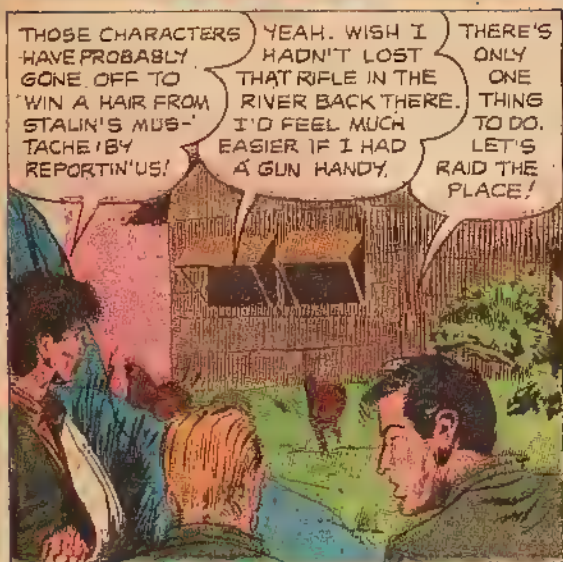
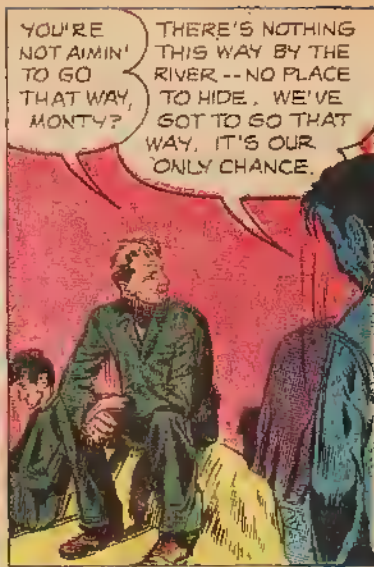
AS FAR AS I COULD SEE FROM HERE. THERE WEREN'T ANY OARS IN IT ANYWAY.



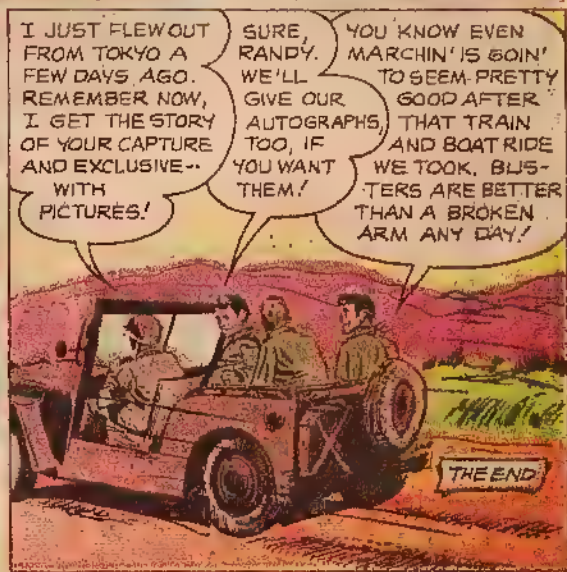
I'LL PULL IT BACK AND TRY AGAIN!

IT'S TOO SHORT! I'LL HAVE TO SWIM FOR IT!











# PIN-UP PETE

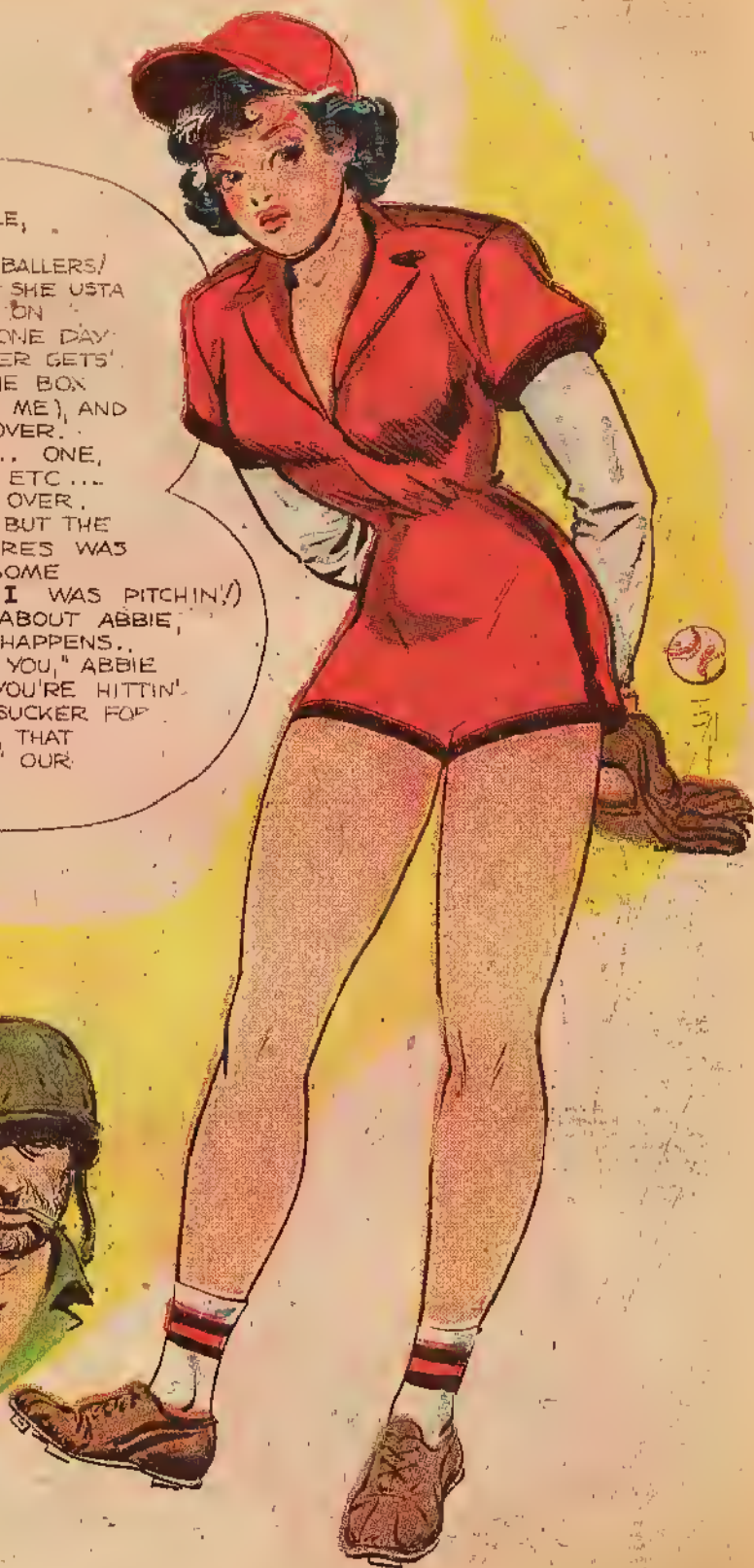
The CASANOVA of the MARINE CORPS

WHEN I WAS JUST A LITTLE KID  
I'M NUTS ABOUT ATHLETES! I GOT  
A ROOM FULL O' PICTURES O' BABE RUTH,  
AN' JACK DEMPSEY, AN' RED GRANGE... AND  
LATER ON, JOE DIMAGGIO... AND CARL HUBBELL... AN'  
BRONCHO NAGURSKI... WHEN I GROWS UP I'M  
STILL DAFFY ABOUT ATHLETES... BUT  
THERE'S A DIFFERENCE IN THE KIND O' ATHLETES  
I NOW GOT HANGIN' UP IN MY ROOM IN THE  
BARRACKS... AS YOU'LL SOON SEE...





TAKE F'R EXAMPLE,  
ABBIE,  
THE QUEEN O' SPIT BALLERS!  
WHEN WE WAS KIDS SHE USTA  
PLAY SHORT STOP ON  
OUR TEAM... UNTIL ONE DAY  
THE REGULAR PITCHER GETS  
SHELLED OUTA THE BOX  
(IT HAPPENS T' BE ME), AND  
ABBIE TAKES OVER.  
ONE, TWO, THREE..... ONE,  
TWO, THREE..... ETC....  
AND THE GAME'S OVER.  
(WE LOSES 15 TO 6, BUT THE  
15 RUNS THEY SCORES WAS  
THE RESULT O' SOME  
LUCKY HITS WHEN I WAS PITCHIN'!)  
I GETS ROMANTIC ABOUT ABBIE,  
BUTS NOTHIN' HAPPENS..  
"I'LL GO OUT WITH YOU," ABBIE  
TELLS ME, "WHEN YOU'RE HITTIN'  
350". ME BEIN' A SUCKER FOR  
INSIDE CURVES, THAT  
WAS THE END O' OUR  
ROMANCE.





KATY WASN'T EXACTLY ATHLETIC, BUT SHE LOOKS SO GOOD IN SHORTS. SO I TAKES HER DOWN TO SOL'S BOWLING JOINT, GETS HER A PAIR O' BOWLING SHOES, AND SHOWS HER THE RUDIMENTS O' THE GAME. "THIS LOOKS LIKE FUN," KATHY SAYS. SHE GRABS THE BALL, AND BEFORE YOU COULD SAY SEMPER PARVUS, SHE SCORES A STRIKE!! O' COURSE IT'S HER **HEAD** SHE KNOCKS THE PINS DOWN WITH, SO IT DONT SHOW ON THE SCORE SHEET. BESIDES KATY GIVES UP BOWLING, SINCE BOWLING AIN'T THE KIND O' SPORT THEY PERMITS IN A HOSPITAL, WHERE KATY LANDS WITH CUTS, ABRASIONS, AND A FRACTURED EGO!







WHEN I FIRST MEETS UP WITH GUSSIE, SHE TELLS ME THAT I GOT THE NATURAL BUILT O' A TENNIS CHAMP. SO I GETS ME A RACKET, AND WE BEGINS T' PLAY. I WINDS UP AND LETS GO AT THE FIRST BALL SHE SENDS OVER, AND I HIT IT LIKE TED WILLIAMS HITS A FAST CURVE OVER THE MIDDLE. THE BALL GOES OVER THE FENCE AND WINDS UP IN A PATCH O' LEAVES. I STARTS LOOKIN' FOR IT, BUT NO CAN FIND. WE STOPS PLAYIN', GUSSIE BUSY ADMIRIN' MY MUSCLES... AND I BEGIN T' GET DRESSED FOR THE HEAVY DATE, AND THEN IT HAPPENS! THE DOC TELLS ME IT AIN'T SERIOUS, THAT ALL I GOTTA DO IS LAY IN BED AND APPLY THE LOTION. HOW WAS I T'KNOW THEM LEAVES THE BALL WAS LOST IN WAS **POISON IVY** ???



Wheeee, Gang! Watch 'em  
**Zoom!** CLIMB, BANK,  
DIVE AND  
LOOP UP TO 200 FEET

MASTER MODEL DESIGNER  
**Wallis Rigby**

As a boy of 9, Commander  
Wallis perfected the first  
paper flying machine, "when  
the Wright Brothers were  
first designing theirs! That's  
why— "You Fly the Latest,  
When You Fly a Rigby!"



**NOW FLY  
YOUR  
OWN JET  
& ROCKET  
FLEET!**



Look who's Captain  
of his own track Aero-  
space Jet & Rocket Fleet!  
Nobody else but YOU the  
minute you get Commander  
Wallis' sensational new JET &  
ROCKET MODEL PLANE BOOK! Yes, and  
you're miles ahead of the most spectac-  
ular airshow captain, for you've got your-  
self not just 5, or 8, but TEN flying wonders!  
What's more, your model fleet includes the fa-  
mous North American F86, world's fastest phre-  
nological jet fighter—rocket marvel, Bell X1, hitting  
the all-time high supersonic speed of 1000 miles  
per hour plus [UGH] more equally daring in de-  
sign and super-dynamic in performance!

LOOK! YOU GET ALL 10 OF  
PLANES IN ONE BIG BOOK

ALL 10 nearly 1 foot long

WORLD'S NEWEST, FASTEST JET & ROCKET  
READY TO FLY IN 3 MINUTES!

**RACING? STUNTING? SURE! COMBAT FLYING? YOU BET!** Hear the gang gasp  
as your accurate-to-scale model Grumman Panther takes off like a torpedo—stalls in midair—goes into a dizzy  
spin—snapping out, but FAST, to make a honey of a landing! And do you chalk up DISTANCE RECORDS! Listen,  
indoors your Rigby jets and rockets whoosh no less than 30 to 40 feet! Outdoors,  
catapulting Rigby models against a stiff breeze, thousands of hip-hip-hooray air-  
men report practice runs up to a SENSATIONAL 200 FEET! Want to solo like a  
stuntman? Do air-devil tricks? Hepped on combat flying? Commander Wallis'  
flying models hit your tallest order!

**FUN TO MAKE! IN 3 MINUTES  
YOU'RE FLYING!**

You don't know how  
easy EASY 'til you grab the scissors and your  
big JET & ROCKET MODEL PLANE BOOK and start  
slicing out your Lockheed Shooting Star or  
whatever plane you want first off your produc-  
tion line! Easy? Say, it takes ONLY 3 MINUTES  
to turn out your first jet or rocket! Sure, and in  
just HALF AN HOUR all 10 of your Rigby models  
are ready to zoom into the wide  
blue yonder! But, HURRY, Fel-  
lers! This may be your last  
chance! So don't miss out on the  
flying fun! Whiz! That coupon in  
NOW!

**ONLY  
\$1**



**Stage Your Own  
Super-Swell Air Show!**



**A Thrill to Make and Fly!**

**Plus FREE-**

**SENSATIONAL  
NEW ROCKET LAUNCHING  
RAMPI...**



Hot off Commander  
Wallis' design  
board comes this  
new, 8 1/2" x 5 1/2"  
wonder Rocket  
Launching Ramp! Ready-cut in extra  
heavy-duty fibre for high-speed take-  
offs! Presto, your jets and rockets zoom  
off sure, steady and strong EVERY time!

**HomeCrafts, Dept. B  
699 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.**

OKAY COMMANDER! I enclose \$1. Rush me your JET & ROCKET  
MODEL PLANE BOOK plus my FREE Rocket Launching Ramp. If  
I'm not 100% satisfied, I'll keep my Rocket Launcher FREE,  
and return book UNcut for my dollar back

Name

Please Print Name

Address

City  Zone  State

This offer good in the U.S.A. and Canada only.

**HomeCrafts, Dept. B, 699 Madison Ave., New York 21**



New silk-finish enlargement, ivory gold-tooled frame



Sensational  
Offer  
Only

29¢  
EACH

FROM YOUR FAVORITE SNAPSHOT,  
PHOTOGRAPH OR NEGATIVE

Send Any Photo for Beautiful  
5x7 inch ENLARGEMENT on This  
SPECIAL GET-ACQUAINTED OFFER!  
Your Original Returned

Have you ever wished you could have your own favorite picture or snapshot enlarged like the pictures of Movie Stars? If you act now, you can make your wish come true. Just to get acquainted, we will make you a handsome, silk finish enlargement, mounted in a rich, gold-tooled frame with glassine front and standing easel back for only 29c each for the Picture and Frame, plus cost of mailing. Hundreds of thousands of people have already taken advantage of this generous offer, and to acquaint millions more like yourself with the famous studio portrait quality of our work, we now make this trial offer to you.

Think of it, only 29c each for a beautiful enlargement and frame you will cherish for years to come. Because of the sensational low price of this get-acquainted offer we must set a limit of 2 to a customer. So hurry—send one or two of your best photographs (either picture or negative) with the coupon below today. *Be sure to include the color of hair, eyes and clothing* for complete information on having your enlargement beautifully colored in life-like oils. **SEND NO MONEY!** Just mail coupon to us today. Include all information. Your original snapshot or negative will be returned.

**RUSH YOUR ORDER!** Your enlargement will be shipped direct from our Hollywood studios!

**SEND NO MONEY! Mail Coupon Today!**

**STANT!—DO NOT ENCLOSE ANY MONEY**  
**ive Your Beautiful New Silk Finish**  
**EMENT and Ivory Gold-Tooled Frame**

**Don't—SEND NO MONEY!** Just send us a snapshot or negative of your favorite picture. Mail with the beautifully framed enlargement when it arrives 29c each plus small mailing cost for picture. Completely satisfied, return the enlargement within 10 days and your money will be refunded. *But you may keep the picture.* Limit 2 to a customer. Original negative or snapshot will be returned. **NOTE:** Be sure to include color for complete information on having your enlargement hand-colored in oils. Rush coupon with this offer is withdrawn.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS, Dept. B35  
7021 Santa Monica Blvd. Hollywood 38, Calif.

Enclosed find \_\_\_\_\_ snapshot or negative,  
(Specify number, limit 2)

Please make \_\_\_\_\_ Enlargement and Frame,  
(Specify number, limit 2)

I will pay postman only 29c each for Enlargement and Frame, on arrival, plus mailing costs, on your 10-day money-back guarantee-offer.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ( ) STATE \_\_\_\_\_

Fill in description below. Mark back of picture 1 and 2.

COLOR—Picture No. 1

Hair \_\_\_\_\_

Eyes \_\_\_\_\_

Clothing \_\_\_\_\_

COLOR—Picture No. 2

Hair \_\_\_\_\_

Eyes \_\_\_\_\_

Clothing \_\_\_\_\_



And to think they used to call me

# SKINNY!

**Give Me 15 Minutes A Day  
And I'll Give You A New Body**

PEOPLE used to laugh at my skinny, 97 lb. body. I was so embarrassed at my weakling build that I was ashamed to strip for sports or for a swim. Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system—"Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN"

That's how I traded in my "bag of bones" for a barrel of muscle! And I felt so much better, so much on top of the world in my big new, husky body, that I decided to devote my whole life to helping other fellows change themselves into "perfectly developed men."

## WHAT'S MY SECRET?

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll be astonished at how short a time it takes "Dynamic Tension" to GET RESULTS!

"Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method that you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny shoulder muscles begin to swell... those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge... and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peeps? Do

you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for my FREE Book about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

**FREE** My 48 Page Illustrated Book Is Yours—Not for \$1.00 or 10c—But FREE

Send NOW for my famous book, *Everlasting Health and Strength*. 48 pages of photos, valuable advice. Shows what Dynamic Tension can do, answers vital questions. Shows what I can do for YOU. A real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy FREE. It may change your whole life! So rush coupon to me personally: Charles Atlas, Dept. 374H 415 E. 23 St., New York 10, N.Y.



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"The World's Most  
Perfectly Devel-  
oped Man."

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115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N.Y.**

Send me—absolutely FREE—a copy of my book, "Everlasting Health and Strength" crammed with actual photographs, answers health questions, and valuable advice to everyone who wants a better build. I understand this book, and sending for it does not obligate me.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please print or write)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_